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ADDITIONS  
TO THE  
DIABOLIAD.

[Price One Shilling.]

ADDITIONS  
TO THE  
DIABOLIA D.



[Price One Shilling.]



A D D I T I O N S  
TO THE  
D I A B O L I A D,

A 2  
P O E M.

DEDICATED TO THE  
W O R S T M A N  
I N

HIS MAJESTY'S DOMINIONS.

---

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, Fleet-Street.

MDCLXXVII.

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# ADDITIONS

TO THE

## DIABOLIA D.

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After the Lines in Page 18,

With GEORGE, all know Ambition must give place,

When there's an *Execution* in the case——

Add:

**A**ND now a noisy, drunken Crew appear,  
Who on their shoulders jocund \* \* bear,

And *blushing* too ;—tho' Bacchus midnight dye  
Veils the suffusion of his modesty.

B

Inflam'd

2 ADDITIONS TO THE DIABOLIAD.

Inflam'd with wine, and reeling in their dance,

With Bacchanalian carrol they advance.

An ivy Chaplet on his head he wears;

His willing hand the maffy Goblet bears :

But as the trembling cup he frequent sips,

Th' ungrateful Claret oozes from his lips.

In larger streams it soon begins to flow,

With copious dashings, on his friends below.

Returning loud acclaim, the laughing Crowd

Haste to set down their Honourable load.

On the firm rock they plac'd the dripping chair,

When, lo! the Hero 'gan to ~~flumber~~ there.

Thrice rous'd, he opes his eyes, and, half awake,

He boldly hiccups—but he cannot speak.

A dewy torpor o'er his senses creeps ;

Again he belches, snorts, and grunts, and sleeps.

Now



Now 'mid the Council, rose a Stygian Peer,  
 A more malignant Spirit was not there !  
 The haughty brow and angry look he wore,  
 Which, upon earth, the *ducal* \* \* bore :  
 And with impatient air he thus express'd  
 The secret counsels of his troubled breast.

" 'Twould ill become me, my all-sov'reign Power,  
 " In this dread place, and at this awful hour,  
 " From my infernal nature to depart,  
 " And own the feelings of a grateful heart,  
 " But that I mean those feelings to belye,  
 " And dash their pow'rs with hellish enmity.  
 " —To me the drowfy Claimant has been known  
 " Full many a year:—Nor do I blush to own  
 " His faithful service and his pliant soul  
 " So fitly moulded to my proud controul,

" My

4 ADDITIONS TO THE DIABOLIAD.

- “ My base behests he never disobey’d,  
 “ And what I bid him say, he always said.  
 “ With smutty tales his barren wit he stor’d,  
 “ To be the *Momus* of my frugal Board.  
 “ When at my back the angry Lash was thrown,  
 “ He fav’d me,—and receiv’d it on his own \*.  
 “ By these, and many kindred deeds, he prov’d  
 “ My trusty Slave,—and was by me belov’d.  
 “ At length, I rais’d him from his low estate,  
 “ To give him place among the rich and great †:  
 “ And now, possess’d of the World’s wary sense,  
 “ *With ev’ry privilege of Impudence,*

\* The correction which the late Duke of —, and a noble Earl now living, deservedly received some years ago on the Course at Litchfield, with the interposition of this modest person, and his subsequent elevations,—are they not written in the Book of the *Chronicles* of the House of B——y?

† The fate of Nations, as well as of Men, has been often said to hang by a very slender thread: but this man, I believe, is the first whose unexpected fortunes may be literally traced to the *lash of an horse-whip*.

He



“ He speaks alike his Hatred and his Love,  
 “ And guides my Factions in the Realm above.  
 “ There, my all-gracious Liege, Oh let him dwell,  
 “ To form new subjects for the KING of HELL !”

He ceas'd—and strait the Bacchanalian Crew  
 Uprear'd their sleeping Hero,—and withdrew.

With easy, measur'd steps, lo ! \* appears,  
 And strives to hide the waste of wrinkling years..  
 Time had long wash'd the bloom from off his face,  
 But the enliv'ning Rouge supplies its place.  
 Through the large circle of near half an Age  
 This Lord has strutted on the public stage,  
 The foppish Prince of Fops, the *Macaroni* Sage.  
 But, charm'd with trifles, pleas'd with every toy,  
 Still he is young,—if *Folly makes the Boy*.  
 The verdant Ribbon grac'd his silken vest,  
 The Star's pale silver glitter'd on his breast ;

G

While

While, to a nearer ken, his wrinkles shew  
 The furrow'd emblems of *the batter'd Beau*.  
 At fam'd *Newmarket* he was taught to cheat,  
 To league with Grooms and frame th' unerring Bett;  
 Here learn'd the Jockey's art—and, what is worse,—  
 Practis'd the Jockey's arts upon the Course.  
 But now the *wiser* Youth despise his aid  
 In the stale Stable Tricks or Gambling Trade;  
 And since each mushroom Fopling doth excel  
 His *vet'ran* taste,—the Peer,—Oh strange to tell!  
 Burns with the proud desire to *give the Ton to Hell*.  
 But ah!—no sweets perfume the murky air,  
 Nor does the AGUJARI warble there.  
 Sulphureous flames dispense their odours round,  
 And fiery caves emit their dismal sound;  
 Blue vapours flash, and every moment shed  
 Disaster on his *well-appointed* Head:

“ Bleak



Bleak, rapid winds, with furious blast, unfurl  
 The various foldings of the frizzled Curl:  
 The poisonous mildews his fair Hair assail,  
 And the rent Ribbon flutters in the gale.  
 —The affrighted Peer both pray'd and swore in vain,  
 'Till an *hysteric* eas'd him of his pain.

His bosom burning with the active flame  
 Of proud Ambition, MALAGRIDA came;  
 Nor came alone; crowds his arrival grace,  
 Wits out of bread, and Statesmen out of place:  
 B\*\* the brave, and P\*\* the *Divine*,  
 Attend to aid their Patron's great design;  
 With Soldier's sword, and Presbyterian cant,  
 Together forming the *Church militant*.  
 —Becloak'd in black, beneath the sable cloud  
 Of a broad beaver, subtle *Foigard* stood,

And

8 ADDITIONS TO THE DIABOLIAD.

And seem'd to muse ; while the bold Son of War  
Shew'd his rough face, and pointed to the scar,  
With these supports, the modest Peer preferr'd  
His claim, which SATAN with attention heard.

“ Let others, of their varied vices vain,

“ Boast their delight in ill, and high disdain

“ Of virtuous deeds : Let them, with flippant tongue,

“ Declare how great their skill in doing wrong :

“ Let them their frauds, their burning mischiefs tell,

“ And thus make out their claim to rule in Hell :

“ I shall, great Sir, by your dread leave, pursue

“ A better way, and more approv'd by you,

“ From me you shall not hear the idle praise,

“ Of folly practis'd in my boyish days.

“ I will not trouble the Infernal Peers :

“ With the long story of my riper years ;

“ But



- “ But, in plain, artless words, at once declare,  
 “ If I’m appointed to your Sov’ reign Chair,  
 “ What acts of wisdom shall adorn my reign,  
 “ What new decretals will my power sustain;  
 “ What schemes, what great designs, I shall propose,  
 “ To aid the friends of HELL, and spoil her foes;  
 “ Whom, in my Sovereign will, I shall create  
 “ The Delegates of my Infernal State,  
 “ Whose sage and sober Councils may attend  
 “ Their Master’s summons, and his power befriend.  
 Dread King ! behold them here ! On Earth they prov’d  
 “ True to my interests, and their worth I lov’d.  
 “ This sage, grave Doctor, now no more *divine* \*,  
 “ Reflecting that ’twas folly to confine

\* If a Clergyman throws aside the pastoral duties of his profession, the sacred character is, in fact, deserted, though the title and external appearance may be preserved.

" His roving genius, on the wing to fly  
 " Above the dull track of Divinity,  
 " Threw off the Pastor's mean, ungrateful charge,  
 " Where'er his fancy led, to roam at large,  
 " And, fed by me, with easy smiles, deny  
 " Th' imputed guilt of foul Hypocrisy.  
 " Mysterious Nature hath to him display'd  
 " Full many a wonder that, for ages laid  
 " In her dark store-house, shunn'd th' exploring eye  
 " Of studious Art and pale Philosophy.  
 " Here, in these dread abodes, his soul aspires  
 " To shew his skill, and curb your raging fires  
 " With strong *electric power*, or dispel  
 " These noisome vapours from the caves of Hell,  
 " He can to every task his wits apply,  
 " Blest with a happy versatility.  
 " Now deep immers'd in Philosophic lore,  
 " And now the fate of Nations he'll explore;

" Or,



“ Or, if ’twould answer any *good* \* design,  
 “ Science and Politics he would resign,  
 “ And slide once more into the dull Divine.  
 “ But here’s my Soldier, and my soul’s delight,  
 “ As great in Oratory as in Fight;  
 “ Whose steady service has long won my love;  
 “ My faithful Echo in the world above †.  
 “ With help-mates such as these, I shall maintain  
 “ A fair dominion and a prosperous reign.”

“ Their steady faith” — SATAN, in haste, reply’d,  
 “ Within these awful realms shall ne’er be try’d;

\* There is scarce a word in the English Vocabulary which is more variously applied than this. On the present occasion, the Reader is at liberty to use it in that sense which will be most satisfactory to himself.

† In a former age, great men had their *fools*; but times and manners are changed: now they have their ORATORS.

“ The

- " Nor shall my solid Kingdom suffer wrong  
 " From the soft falsehoods of thy subtle tongue.  
 " Celestial Virtue made the fix'd decree  
 " Which marks the limits of my royalty.  
 " The Laws of HELL unalter'd must remain  
 " 'Till Heaven, that form'd, dissolves the triple chain  
 " Of stubborn Fate, scarce knowing how to bend  
 " Beneath that Power on whom its years depend;  
 " Who gave it being,—and will appoint its end.  
 " Shall puny Legislators then, whose breath  
 " Just makes a transient life, then sinks in death;  
 " Whose fickle Laws now strengthen, now pull down  
 " The tottering fabric of an Earthly Crown;  
 " Whose highest virtues and whose noblest rage  
 " Scarce claim remembrance through a fleeting age;  
 " Shall such as these, grown insolent and vain  
 " From Party-praises and the flattering strain



- “ Of needy Sycophants—shall such pretend  
 “ Our Statutes and appointed Laws to mend ?  
 “ Perish the thought !—and know,—presumptuous Lord !  
 “ To your proposals HELL will ne’er accord !  
 “ In distant climes, beyond th’ Atlantic Seas,  
 “ Your words would give delight,—your project please.  
 “ There, fann’d by me, lewd Faction’s quick’ning flame  
 “ Inspires my duteous Children to defame  
 “ Those Laws of Freedom which so long have stood,  
 “ Fix’d in the cement of *Britannia*’s blood.  
 “ There, my subverting Delegates display  
 “ The madding pride of Democratic sway.  
 “ There, fond of spoil and eager to undo,  
 “ How happy they—to find a Friend in you !  
 “ Haste then,—away !—America explore !  
 “ *Rebellion* wooes you to her *Northern Shore* !”  
 Then in succession came a Peer of words, &c. &c. &c.

F I N I S.

" Of needy Sycophants—shall such pretend  
 " Our Statutes and appointed Laws to mend?  
 " Perish the thought!—and know,—presumptuous Lord!  
 " To your proposals Here will ne'er accord!  
 " In distant climes, beyond th' Atlantic Seas,  
 " Your words would give delight,—your project please.  
 " There, fann'd by me, Jew Faction's quick'ning flame  
 " Inspires my dutious Children to defame  
 " Those Laws of Freedom which so long have stood,  
 " Fix'd in the cement of the Nation's blood.  
 " There, my subverting Delegates display  
 " The madd'ning pride of Democratic way,  
 " There, fond of spoil and eager to undo,  
 " How happy they—to find a Friend in you?  
 " Haste then,—away!—America explore!  
 " Rebellion woos you to her Western Shore!  
 Then in succession came a host of words, &c. &c. &c.